The Cries of the Son of God.

BEING THE

SUBSTANCE

OF SOME

DISCOURSES

Delivered at

Kingſwood in *Glouceſterſhire*,

In the YEAR 1739.

By *JOHN CENNICK.*

Who, in the Days of his Fleſh, offered up Prayers and Supplications with ſtrong Cryings and Tears. Heb. v. 7.

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MARK XV. 37.

Jeſus cried with a loud Voice, and gave up the Ghoſt.

ALL the Sufferings, Troubles, and Afflictions of our Saviour's Life, ſerved to make him an experienced Phyſician and Prieſt of his People; and to this End he underwent all Pains and Sorrows, and waded through all the heavieſt Oppreſſions and Temptations, that he might feel how near they touch a weak Soul, how deep they pierce and wound, and how bitter and ſad they make every human Creature's Life. To prove this truly, it became neceſſary that the Lord Jeſus ſhould be lower than the Angels, and take on him a Nature inferior to theirs, that being made capable of ſuffering Death, and of enduring all Afflictions, he might be a ſuitable Perſon for all in Diſtreſs to apply to, and who, from a Feeling of their Infirmities, might pity them when they were tempted.

So long then the Redeemer lived in his low incarnate State in the World, till from the Infant to the State of Manhood he had paſſed through and felt all Miſery, Sickneſs, Pain, and Temptation, he well knew what Poverty was, and learned dearly what it is to be weak, a Stranger in a Land, an Exile; to be friendleſs, an Orphan, hated, ſlandered, and, above all, the Mark and Butt of all the Envy and Spleen of the evil Spirits. He above all others, by way of Eminence, deſerved that Character, *A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Griefs.* He was ſmitten

and afflicted of God. *Satan* made War with him. His own People received him not. *We hid our Faces from him. He was the Scorn of Men and the Outcaſt of the People.* But, as I hinted before, this qualified the Son of Man to be a ſuitable Perſon for his high Place in the Church of God, and for the Office with which he was now inveſted, namely, to be the Saviour of the loſt World, the Phyſician of his ſick and diſtempered People, and the Healer of the Nations; for now the pooreſt and moſt wretched Object can approach to him with Hope, and with all Propriety uſe that old but ſweet and expreſſive Prayer, Have Mercy upon me, thou Son of *David*, thou Son of Man, thou afflicted and tempted Jeſus, who knows, by long and bitter Experience, what a ſad Eſtate I am in, help me, and ſave me out of it.

But though our dear Saviour's whole Life-time was one Scene of Hardſhips, Troubles and Grief, it ſeemed as if the moſt heavy Part remained till laſt; and as his Life drew near to an End, the bittereſt Dregs of the Cup of the Lord's Right-hand were reſerved to be poured out upon him in Body and Soul, and this extorted from him the ſtrong Cries and Tears, which ſhall be the Subject of our preſent Meditation.

And firſt, it would not be amiſs to obſerve how ſilent the Lamb behaved during his troubleſome Warfare, till he came to die. Very little is ſaid of him till he was driven out into the Wilderneſs to be tempted; he ſeemed to have choſen to eat his Bread of Affliction in ſecret, and as a Sparrow he ſat alone, and mourned like a Dove in the Wilderneſs, when he mingled his Drink with Weeping, and when in the Day-time and in the Night-ſeaſon his Soul had no Reſt.

The Miſeries of the ſhort Space of his Miniſtry are mentioned in ſome Meaſure in the Goſpel; but it is remarkable, no Ingratitude ſhewn him, no Shame, Blaſphemies of the Multitude, Fears, or Blows made him complain. No, he bore all with a divine and inimitable Patience; and even when *Herod* and his Guards ſet him at nought, and his reverend Head was buffeted and beaten through the Hall, and his innocent Face covered with Shame and Spittle, his Hair and Beard torn off, and he mocked and derided in the moſt barbarous Manner, it did not force from him a Word. Nothing betrayed in him a Sorrow that he had undertaken the Work; no Expreſſion or Look ſhewed he repented, or that he wanted to be releaſed out of ſuch cruel Hands. He was as a deaf Man, and as one in whoſe Mouth are no Reproofs, when falſe Witneſſes laid to his Charge Things that he knew not; nor could the Menaces and Threatnings of his Judges, the Rage of the Prieſts, nor falſe Charge of the People make him break his Lamb-like Silence. Who can tell what he ſuſtained when they ſtripped and ſcourged him? Who knows, or can think, what he felt when they put the Crown of Thorns on his Head, and laid on him with their Hands and with Staves? Or who can form an Idea of the Smart and Anguiſh he bore when the Croſs was laid upon his ſore and raw Back, and he was led out like a Robber to die? But could a Man be able to gueſs at his bodily Pain, yet who in Heaven or Earth can judge what his righteous Soul felt from the Wrath above, and from Hell beneath? Let him feel what he would, and bear all Men and Devils could lay upon him, he held his Peace, and anſwered not a Word. Inward Sighs, Tears, and Drops of Sweat and Blood innumerable flowed from him, but he did not lift up his Voice, nor was his Cry heard in the Streets.

O come hither, ye Daughters of Jeruſalem, *and ſee the King with the Crown wherewith he was crowned in the Day of his Eſpouſals! Behold how glorious the King of* Iſrael *looked, in the Day when he went out of the Gate of* Jeruſalem, *dumb as a Sheep before his Shearer, and as a Lamb led to the Slaughter.* He anſwered not before the Judges, becauſe he knew we were guilty: He complained not, or dropped the leaſt murmuring Word, that we might ſee how willingly and contentedly he ſuffered all our Chaſtiſement, and did not think the ſharpeſt Grief or moſt cruel Stroke too much to eaſe us, and ſave us from Hell.

But when they had ſtripped him again, and nailed him upon the Croſs high in the Air, he who had ſo long kept Silence with Pain and Miſery, at laſt ſpake with his Tongue. Liſten all ye Iſles, and hearken all ye Nations, what the Lord God will ſay.

And he cried and ſaid, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

This ſeems to have been the *firſt* Cry Jeſus made from the Croſs; and as he had now entered his high-prieſtly Office, his pale and wan Skin was his white Ephod, his Wounds, his black and blue Places, the Wheals and Furrows of the Laſhes, the Scratches of the Crown of Thorns, and Blood ſtreaming and dropping upon all his aching and ſtrained Members, was the embroidered Robe; his reeking Nail-prints were for a Cenſer, out of which aſcended the ſweeteſt Smoke and the moſt pleaſant Savour that ever came up before God's Throne. Juſt as the Prieſts of the Law ſpread their Hands towards Heaven when they burned Incenſe or offered Sacrifices, and (while their Spices and Gums perfumed the Mercy-ſeat) made their Supplication for the Children of *Iſrael*, ſo did Jeſus Chriſt; he ſpread his Hands upon the Altar

tar of the Croſs and offered his own innocent, and now cut and mangled Fleſh in the room of Sinners, and made his almighty and prevailing Interceſſion, which he began thus, My *Father*, *forgive them*. *Moſes* was eſteemed the meekeſt Man, but his Patience was often tried, ſo that he ſpake once unadviſedly with his Lips. And *Elias*, the good Man of God, made Interceſſion againſt *Iſrael* in his Anger. *David* alſo, the moſt lively and bright Figure of the King of Kings, in his haſte prayed againſt his Adverſaries. But though Jeſus had all the Wrong done to him which could be invented, and though he was hanging in the moſt ſhameful Spot, upon *Calvary*, the Place of Execution of Murderers, Rebels, and Blaſphemers, the very Gate of Hell, and though all were deriding, tempting, teazing, and provoking him round about with bitter Reproaches, and preſumptuous Mockings and Jeers; though they had put him in the middle of two Thieves, that all who looked on ſhould reckon him the greateſt; yea, though the very Thieves themſelves were reflecting upon him, and *Jews* and *Gentiles*, Princes and the Mob, the Prieſts and People, all were adding to his Sorrow, and, as it were, trying to make him angry, he did not ceaſe to be the ſame gracious Lord, but loved with everlaſting Love, and the moſt they could hear from him was, *Father*, *forgive them*, *they know not what they do*.

All they did, proved how far *Satan* had deceived the World, and made appear what a blind and hardened State the natural State is. The whole Company thought they were ſerving God, and Zeal for their Religion, as they thought, prompted them on to crucify and blaſpheme their true King. Jeſus knew who was at the Head of all, and that his own Enemy had done it, and therefore prayed for his Perſecutors,

ſecutors, and endured the Contradiction of Sinners againſt himſelf. He had before prayed for his Apoſtles and Diſciples, but now he prays for his Enemies, for the Drunkards and Whoremongers, for the Thieves, Robbers, and Extortioners, for the Irreligious and Infidels, for Perſecutors and Profane, and for all Sinners whoſe Crimes and evil Deeds tore and oppreſſed him. For the Sins of the Unchaſte and Luſtful he was expoſed naked and aſhamed before all the World, and before his own Mother, and the other chaſte Women who followed him. O come, ye lecherous and defiled Men and Women, and ſee what ye have done to our Saviour! ye Drunkards, you have mingled for him the Wine, the Wormwood, and the Gall! ye Proud, ye have trod him under Feet, and abaſed him as a Worm and no Man, ye have ſtripped him and made him aſhamed! ye Unjuſt, ye have nailed his guiltleſs Hands with ſuch piercing Pain to the Tree! ye Wanton, ye have made Sport at him! and ye Deſpiſers of Godlineſs, ye have ſet him at nought and mocked him in a purple Robe! ye Senſualiſts, ye have made his Grief intolerable, ye have made him faſt and ſuffer Want! ye Careleſs, for you he cried out and wept Rivers of Waters! ye Eaſy and Unconcerned, hear what he ſays to you, *Is it nothing to you, all ye that paſs by; behold and ſee if there be any Sorrow like to my Sorrow wherewith the Lord has afflicted me in the Day of his fierce Anger?* How juſtly might he have ſaid to all in his Diſpleaſure, Depart from me; or left the World, wicked and ſtupid as it was, to have ſuffered its full Puniſhment unpitied? How might he have ſpared himſelf the Trouble of ſuffering and dying for ſo hardened and rebellious a Generation as he foreſaw and foreknew we ſhould be? or at leaſt left unhelped and accurſed all ſuch as would not be obedient to him,

him, but by their Sins crucify him and put him to an open Shame? O! Love, pure, free, diſtinguiſhing and ſovereign Love would not permit him to do this. He ſtill loved his Enemies, and thoſe who did not love themſelves, and amidſt the Height of their Revilings and Barbarity, in the keeneſt of his Torments, and when moſt vexed and tempted, he became their Interceſſor, and got in between the Offended and the Offenders: He got between Heaven and Earth, as it were, to meet the Storm, and take the Blow from his poor Children: He ſtood in the Gap to turn away the Wrath, and became their Advocate with ſuch ſtrong Cries and Tears, that he prevailed and gained their Cauſe: He made Peace, and obtained their Pardon of his heavenly Father. God had once ſpoken to his Servant *Moſes*, to get out from among the People, that he might deſtroy them in a Moment, becauſe of their Murmurings againſt his Prophet; and often, notwithſtanding the tender Interceſſions of *Moſes*, his Judgments overtook the Unbelieving, and ſome fell by Earthquakes, by Serpents, by the Enemy, by the Plague, by Fire, *&c.* and leſt this great Day's Sins and crying Rebellions ſhould have ſtirred the Divine Wrath, Jeſus prays for them with ſuch Vehemency, and with ſuch irreſiſtible Force; every beating Pulſe, every Feature, Look and Groan ſpoke for them in the Eyes of the Lord, and every gaping Wound was like ſo many open Mouths ſuing and entreating for Mercy, till he had obtained Mercy, even eternal Redemption for them.

This Cry of our Saviour is yet the Language of his Heart above, and though uttered now ſo many hundred Years ago, is of the ſame Force and Effect this Moment in the Preſence of God, as if his Son was now bleeding upon the Croſs and ſpeaking theſe

Words. His Blood ſpeaks ſtill for us, and when we pray to be forgiven, it is only like the Echo of our Saviour's Prayer. When we can't ſpeak, or don't know what to aſk, that ſpeaks for us, and aſks all we want, *My Father, forgive them.* For let our Caſe be what it will, or let it appear in ſuch a Light as it pleaſe to our View, we need Forgiveneſs, Forgiveneſs alone: We need this every Minute, every Moment, and to our laſt Breath. Whoever is taught of God his own ſad Eſtate, feels it thus, and his conſtant Hunger and Thirſt is for Forgiveneſs, his daily and hourly Cry is, *My Father, forgive me.*

This then is the high-prieſtly Prayer and general Interceſſion of our Chief-prieſt and Biſhop Jeſus, and by Means of which alone the Pardon of a guilty World was merited, and by Means of which we are heard, accepted, and ſaved for ever.

The *ſecond* Time our Saviour ſpoke from the Croſs was to his diſconſolate and afflicted Virgin-Mother, and to *John—When Jeſus therefore ſaw his Mother and the Diſciple ſtanding by whom he loved, he ſaith unto his Mother, Behold thy Son, and to the Diſciple, Behold thy Mother.*

It has been ſeldom taken amiſs of Friends and departing Relations or Parents, if in their dying Agonies they have neglected to ſpeak to thoſe who ſtood by, or not anſwered them, or ſpoke a Word to their moſt tender Acquaintance or deareſt Friend; and had not our Saviour ſaid anything, but continued to ſigh and languiſh in his deepeſt Sadneſs and Sufferings, one ſhould have thought it no Wonder, nor eſteemed it a Proof of his cold Affection to his Friends: But though there was no Sorrow like to his Sorrow, and though the Devils were round him like Dogs and Bulls on every Side, though his whole

Body

Body was on the Rack, and his Soul ſinking under the Weight of all Mens Sins, and pained with the Sting of Death and Hell, he could not forget his People; he ſaw his beloved Mother's Tears, and it touched him, therefore he ſpoke to her and ſaid, *Behold thy Son*: As if he would have ſaid, O weep not, *John* ſhall be to thee a Son, and ſhall be in my Place to thee; look upon him henceforth as thy Child, and love him as thou haſt loved me; he ſhall be a Comfort to thee in thy old Age, and ſhall be in my ſtead when for a little while thou ſhalt ſee me no more. It has been often obſerved, that though our dear Saviour loved the bleſſed Virgin, and choſe her before all the Virgins on Earth to be his Mother, yet he always called her *Woman*, and never *Mother*, *Elizabeth*, when ſhe was filled with the Holy Ghoſt, calls her *the Mother of my Lord*. The Diſciples and Evangeliſts alſo called her *the Lord's Mother*, but Jeſus did not; and herein our Saviour meant not Diſreſpect, or Coldneſs, or want of a filial Affection to the beſt of Mothers, for Jeſus loved her eternally, and without doubt ſhe is now with her God and Son in his Throne in Heaven, and all Generations ſhall call her bleſſed: But he knew how in Years to come the Enemy would work, and would, under Pretence of Religion, aſcribe that to her which was only due to her Son; or leſt, through Weakneſs, his Diſciples ſhould eſteem her a Goddeſs, and worſhip and pray to her, and ſo rob the Redeemer of his juſt Honour and Praiſe; therefore Jeſus called her always Woman. She was indeed a Woman and a Sinner, and needed God to be her Saviour, as ſhe expreſſes it in her Song. Beſides, it was needful for our Saviour to call his Mother *Woman*, that we might depend upon it, and be thoroughly perſuaded that he was the Seed of a Woman. Let us therefore eſteem her bleſſed

above Women, in that God did not abhor her Womb, but humbled himſelf to be Fleſh of her Fleſh and Bone of her Bone, and in that Body he took of her he ſaved us to all Eternity; but then let us know at the ſame time ſhe is what the Lord called her, a Woman, a Siſter, a Fellow-Inheritor with the Saints, and ſaved and bleſſed through her Faith in Chriſt as we are. When a certain Woman had heard our Saviour preach in the Days of his Fleſh, ſhe cried out, *Bleſſed is the Womb that bare thee, and the Paps that gave thee Suck:* As if ſhe would have ſaid, Bleſſed is the Mother of ſuch a Child. But Jeſus anſwered, *Yea rather bleſſed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it.* Hence we may learn, that the Virgin's keeping his Word, her great Faith and Truſt in him, was more than her bearing Chriſt into the World.

So much ſeemed neceſſary to ſay on this Head, becauſe our Lord ſaid to his Mother, *Woman, behold thy Son.* But after he had comforted her that bare him in this manner, he looked upon *John*, and ſaid to him, *Behold thy Mother:* As if he would have ſaid, Be to her what I have been, comfort her and love her for my Sake; be thou loving and tender of her, and let her love and be tender of thee. This was the Renewal of his new Commandment, *Love one another.*

Our Saviour did not intend this meerly for theſe two Saints, he meant it for all his whole Church, and would have us learn, that that was ſtill uppermoſt in his Breaſt, and on his Heart from everlaſting, to love us; and no Torments, Hell, nor Death, tho' they came like Floods upon him, could make him forget us. He thought upon us when in the travail of his Soul, and bid us love one another from his Croſs. Our Saviour intended his Elect ſhould be one Family even upon Earth, and therefore ſaid, *Woman, behold thy Son; Son, behold thy Mother.* Younger Chriſtians

ſtians ſhould reverence and eſteem the Aged as Parents; the Aged ſhould help, adviſe, and love them as dear Children, and remember, we are one Man's Sons, we are Brethren, and have no Father upon Earth but one Father which is in Heaven; and the very Mark and Badge of our Diſcipleſhip among Men muſt not be our Order, Diſcipline, or ſound Profeſſion, though all theſe are good and Praiſe-worthy, *but by this ſhall all Men know that ye are my Diſciples*, ſays our bleſſed Maſter, *becauſe ye love one another*. *John* ſays, *He that loveth not his Brother, is not of God.*

There is a real and ſolid Truth in this Doctrine, *Ye are Brethren.* All the Ties of Conſanguinity, Friendſhip, and being of one Country, Stock, or Family, are by far leſs binding than the being baptized by our Saviour into one Spirit. It cannot be otherwiſe; where true Chriſtianity is, there is laſting, everlaſting Love. Nor is the Love of the Children of God mingled with that Painfulneſs which always accompanies carnal Love, nor is it ſullied with Luſt, or forced by a good Education, or kept up and maintained with temporal Views; but it is the immediate Work of God, and a Spark of the Flame wherein Jeſus offered up himſelf. The Love of Chriſt conſtrains us, and this Love to one another is not confined to ſuch as are converted alone, but is extended to all Mankind, to our Enemies and Perſecutors, but is eſpecially and reciprocally felt and known by the Houſhold of Faith.

They love even to Death, and whenever a Company of Believers are together, the *Heathen* World muſt be conſtrained to confeſs, Behold how theſe Chriſtians love one another!

The *third* Time of our Saviour's ſpeaking from the Croſs was to one of the Malefactors, who was awakened

awakened at the Interceſſion of the Lord, and on whom God immediately anſwered his Son's Prayer. It ſhould ſeem by what St. *Matthew* and *Mark* write, that this Man had joined the Blaſphemers in the Beginning to revile Chriſt—*They that were crucified with him alſo reviled him.* He doubtleſs had been a notorious Rogue, and guilty of the blackeſt Crimes, which had brought him to that ſhameful and painful End; but the vileſt and moſt abandoned appear generally ſerious when they are going to die, and ſeem then afraid and concerned; and this ſhould have been expected from theſe Thieves, who knew before the Sun was down they ſhould be in Eternity; but they behaved as if both had been poſſeſſed of the Devil: They ſeemed inſenſible of their Danger, and though they ſtood at the very Verge and Brink of Hell, mocked an innocent Perſon who had done nothing againſt them, and ſaid, *Save thyſelf and us, if thou be the Son of God.*

Jeſus heard and ſaw it with an aching Heart, but made Interceſſion for the Tranſgreſſors between whom he was hanging, and with whom he was numbered. He loved Sinners, and had the chief of them at his Right-hand and at his Left; and though they were as Brands already in the Burning, he pitied them, and ſaid, *My Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.* Immediately one has his Heart touched by the Finger of God, a divine Work is at once effected, he believes in Jeſus, and blames his Fellow-Robber for reproaching him. This is the tender Fruit of Repentance. He found himſelf to blame, and wanted to convince others of their Miſtake too, that they might not add Sin to Sin, and then, methinks I ſee him, turning (with a trembling and guilty Look) to Jeſus, ſaying, *Lord, remember me when thou comeſt into thy Kingdom.* He, who before

fore derided the Lamb, now calls him Lord, and begs to be remembered by him when he was entered into his Kingdom. Our dear Saviour was always poor and mean in the World, but never did it ſeem more unlikely that he had a Kingdom than now. His Diſciples, who before had ventured to believe he was a King, now ſadly doubted, and were dejected at ſeeing him die the curſed Death of the Croſs; but herein the Holy Ghoſt appeared with Power, and the Lord made bare his Arm. The dying Felon ſees beſide him a poor afflicted *Jew*, a friendleſs and unpitied Man, reproached, plagued and upbraided as an Impoſter on every Side; he hears his Groans and Sighs, ſees his Bonds and Weakneſs, and yet prays to him as to his Lord, and begs a Part in his Kingdom. This was a true Faith, this was believing indeed, and this juſtified the Ungodly. Jeſus did not let it paſs unminded, or anſwer him with Anger, and put him in mind, that as he had ſerved *Satan* and the God of this World, he ſhould periſh with him; nor did he reflect upon his paſt cruel and hardened Behaviour, but at once receives the loſt Sheep, embraces the returning Prodigal, and anſwers him, *To-day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe.* He did not only forgive him, but honoured him more than ever a Saint or Martyr was honoured, he took him with him into his Paradiſe; he became one of the Firſt-fruits of his painful Death, who was ſaved as a Prey out of the Teeth of the Lion. All the Angels and bleſſed Spirits, who had waited from *Abel*, ſaw, as the Redeemer expired, he took hold on the Soul of a guilty Malefactor, and from the Gate of Hell led him in merciful Triumph into the Gate of Heaven. No one can venture to ſay this Man's good Works ſaved him, for he never did any, and was ready to periſh when free Mercy found him out. He was ſuffering

Death

Death temporal for Theft, and perhaps Murder, and was going into the ſecond Death for Infidelity, and trampling under Foot the Blood of the Son of God, when Jeſus ſnatched him out of the Burning, as he waded through the Pangs of Hell, and made him a Pillar and Monument of Mercy in his Temple for all Generations. He pardoned him openly, that by that Inſtance of free Grace he might chaſe away Deſpair from all who wanted to be ſaved, and that he might make the worſt and chiefeſt Sinners learn, that he can ſave even to the uttermoſt, that this Man receiveth Sinners. O ſee this Pattern of Mercy, ye ancient and grey-headed Men, who are going to the Grave with your Bones full of the Sins of your Youth! Come to this dying Lamb; call upon him, *Lord, remember me!* and you ſhall find Mercy through this Thief's Mercy. Ye poor Slaves of Luſt and Wine, ye Thieves, Whoremongers, and Whores, look upon the Redeemer, and pray him to remember you. Though you have reviled and ſlighted him, and by your obſtinate ſinning ſet him at nought and put him to Grief, repent and look to him as the Thief did, and you ſhall taſte and ſee how gracious the Lord is.

This Mercy of Mercies was done ſo publicly, and ſhewn on one ſo abominably vile and undeſerving, as I have before ſaid, that Jeſus might ſave us from deſpairing, and make an eternal Impreſſion upon our Hearts of his Love and Willingneſs to ſave Sinners. What greater Sinner could there be, and what greater Mercy could have been obtained? Lord, I wiſh this Mercy upon myſelf, and all that hear me; when I die, as my laſt Hour approaches, ſay to my Soul, *To-day ſhalt thou be with me in* Paradiſe!

The

The *fourth* Cry of the Son of God was, *I thirſt*. The Soldiers thought naturally that his Mouth was parched up with Drought, becauſe of his Pain and Sighing, and therefore they filled a Spunge with Vinegar or ſour Wine mingled with Myrrh, and offered it to him, but he refuſed to drink it. He had ſaid in his laſt Supper, when he gave about the Cup to his Diſciples, *I will drink no more of the Fruit of the Vine, till I drink it new in the Kingdom.* It was not therefore Wine he thirſted for, nor did he receive for his faint Spirits any Comfort from beneath. Had he thirſted to take Revenge on thoſe who were his Betrayers and Murderers, how eaſily might he have called for Fire from Heaven as *Elias* did, and conſumed them all, or cauſed the Earth to open, as *Moſes* had done to *Corah* and his Company, and made them ſink down into the bottomleſs Pit? At his Word the Deſtroying-Angel would have ſmitten all with Plagues, and left no Soul alive; but that was not his Mind—*He came not to deſtroy Men's Lives, but to ſave them, and had no Pleaſure in the Death of a Sinner*; but his Thirſt was to have them ſaved. He longed for this more than *David* had done once for the Waters of the Well in *Bethlehem*, and languiſhed, waiting for the long-wiſhed-for Hour, when all Souls ſhould be given into his Hands. He knew the Time drew near a-pace, and his Thirſt was keener and more fervent and ſharp than ever, when in God's juſt and equitable Judgment the World ſhould be declared his purchaſed Poſſeſſion, his Reward. If he had only thirſted for the new Wine of the Kingdom, or longed to be again in Heaven in his former Glory, he could have called twelve Legions of Angels at a Word, who would have conveyed him with Songs of Joy to his Throne in the twinkling of an Eye; but though, no doubt, his wearied-out and

 dried-up

dried-up Body wanted Reſt, and his faint Soul panted for Peace, and all within him longed to ſee the Baptiſm accompliſhed, yet he ſo loved his Church, that till her Ranſom was fully paid, her Bonds cancelled, and ſhe acquitted in the Judgment above, and paſt all Danger, he would not reſt, but continued to thirſt with all his Heart and Soul, till he had obtained her eternal Pardon, and got her out of the Jaws of the Lion, and out of the Hand of the Enemy. When he had once ſeen this accompliſhed, and he had betrothed her to himſelf in Righteouſneſs, (for this was the Day of his Eſpouſals, and the Day of the Gladneſs of his Heart) then his divine Thirſt ſomewhat abated—*He ſaw of the Travail of his Soul, and was ſatisfied.*

This Thirſt of Jeſus kindles in devout Souls ſomewhat of the ſame. As he looked after them with an inſatiable Longing, and deſired with a great Deſire to keep the eternal Paſſover with them, ſo they, when his loving and languiſhing Eyes have looked upon them, catch the pure Flame, and thirſt to be beloved by him, they long, and pant, and wiſh more to feel his Love within, and to drink of the precious Blood which he ſhed, than can be deſcribed. *Stay me with Flaggons* (is their Language) *for I am ſick of Love. Let him kiſs me with the Kiſſes of his Mouth, for his Love is better than Wine.* This Thirſt of Souls, this Breathing of religious People, is from the unfeigned want of a Saviour and his Righteouſneſs; and this is not allayed till they have found him, and then they drink abundantly, and their Joy is full.

But now the Cloud grew thicker and blacker, the Storm drew nearer, and thundered louder and louder over his Head: Hell made her laſt and fierceſt Attack, the Sword of the Lord pierced deep, and his Judgments

Judgments and Thunderbolts fell heavier than ever upon him; all the Dregs of the Cup of Wrath was now to be drank up, and when all was dark and horrible round about, and nothing was heard but the roaring of the Enemy, and the barbarous Rejoicings of those Men who killed him, while it seemed to him as if the whole divine Presence was withdrawn, and his dear heavenly Father had left his Soul in Hell; for he so truly and verily felt the Curse, as if it had been actually and indeed so; then his Flesh trembled because of the Judgments, his Eyes failed with looking upward; every Angel stood aloof, and his Heart failed, his Soul drew nigh to Hell, and all his Bones quaked, and shuddered with very Horror, Amaze and Torment. In this sad, this inconceivable sad Condition was the dying Lamb, when he roared out like one in the Deep of Despair, *My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?* O what did he feel, what did his Soul endure, when this lamentable and piercing Complaint was forced from him! the very Remembrance and Repetition of this Cry makes the Blood in our Veins chill for very Awfulness; it strikes with Shame and Confusion every Believer, when they know with what Anguish, Gnashing of Teeth, and hellish Torture Jesus saved them out of the Lake; and hereby they get the truest Insight of their wretched Estate by Nature, as well as of their great Danger out of which it cost the Almighty Son of God so much to rescue them. Hereby also let us be comforted, and comfort one another; for since Jesus has experienced what a forsaken Soul can feel, he will never leave nor forsake us, nor will he hide away his Face in Anger any more for ever. No, since he has endured our Hell, and felt the Sharpness of Death, we shall escape, and his Agonies, his painful Struggles and Pangs, his Fainting and Death-Sweats, and

this his terrible Cry ſhall affrighten *Satan* and his Angels, huſh our Souls and allay our Fears, that we may die without Fear. As ſoon as he had thus cried, he took to him all his Strength, and *with his own Arm brought Salvation to him, and his Fury upheld him.* He came to the dreadful Criſis, and at once ſprung into the Arms of Death and Hell, drank up the bitter Cup with Trembling and Aſtoniſhment, taſted Death for every Man, ſwallowed up the Curſe, and in a Moment tore away the Sting of Death, and broke down the Gates of Hell, making at once an eternal End of Sin and Wrath, and ſpoiling the evil Angels and Principalities of the Armour in which they truſted, cruſhing under his red-hot Feet the Serpent in his juſt Anger, and ſo caught his Bride out of his Service and Power, ſaving her with an everlaſting Salvation, the Sight of which gladdened all the attentive Angels, who looked down and ſaw the tremendous Combat, who all ſmiled again, and with new Songs, Love and Joy, crowded round their expiring Maſter, whoſe Praiſe, for the Blood of the Croſs, they ſounded inſtantly through all Heavens, and began the Honours to him which till this Moment he had not, namely, they worſhipped him for being ſlain. Mean while the Sun broke out, which had been eclipſed from twelve at Noon till now, when it was about three of the Clock, and *Satan* retired like a Dragon to his Den, and left Jeſus to depart in Triumph, more than Conqueror.

Now therefore Jeſus, knowing he had finiſhed his hard Work and Labour, and that all Things which had been written of him in the *Pſalms* and in the Prophets had an End and were fulfilled, that the Juſtice of God was fully ſatisfied, that with Equity he had ſaved the World, and bought his Church, he uttered

ed his *ſixth* Cry, ſaying, *Father, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit.* As if he would ſay, My dear heavenly Father, who haſt ſo loved the World that thou haſt not ſpared me, but given me up to die for them, behold I have now finiſhed thy Work, I have deſtroyed the Enmity, and delivered thy poor People, now I come to thee, take my Spirit, and receive the Soul of thy wearied Child again into thy Boſom.

He prayed thus alſo to teach us how to depart, and into whoſe Hands to truſt our Spirits when our Strength fails, and we come to our Death-Beds. As he gave up the Ghoſt into his Father's Hands, ſo we give up our Spirits into his Hands. He is all to us what the Father is to him; and thus *Stephen* departed, ſaying, *Lord Jeſus, receive my Spirit!* So may we die, ſo may we with Confidence and Safety have free Acceſs and Liberty to fly to him at our Deaths, and depart in Peace through his Death, without taſting the Smart or Pain of that which is properly Death in his Sight for evermore.

Jeſus now cried his *ſeventh* Cry with a loud Voice, *It is finiſhed*, and then bowed down his Head and gave up the Ghoſt. One ſhould have expected, after he had been ſo faint with bleeding, and ſo worn out with Pain and Travail, he ſhould have ſpoke low and weakly as he expired, but he cried with a loud Voice, that all in Heaven might hear it and ſing, and all the Spirits of the Faithful, from *Abel*, might now ſee the Day of the Lord and be glad. When this Cry was uttered upon Earth, no doubt, all the heavenly Hoſts ſhouted for Joy, and ſung, *Now the Kingdoms of the Earth are become the Kingdoms of the Lord, and of his Chriſt.*

He cried alſo with a loud Voice that all Hell might hear it, and retreat with Shame, having loſt their Prey,

Prey, their Power and Dominion over the Souls of Men, and all Right to reign over them for ever.

But he cried with a loud Voice, that all Sinners might hear it, and know, that now the Redemption was finiſhed, an End put to the Curſe, *Satan*'s Head bruiſed, Death deſtroyed and ſpoiled, and its Sting taken away, the Keys of Hell and the Grave delivered into the Hands of Jeſus, the World redeemed, the Fountain of Sin and Uncleanneſs opened, everlaſting Righteouſneſs brought in, Reconciliation made, Pardon obtained, Peace proclaimed, and the Gate of Heaven opened to all Believers. All this and more is included in that Cry of our Saviour, *It is finiſhed.* It implies all, whatever was promiſed in the Saviour is fulfilled, all his Sorrows and Sufferings are over, his Trials are at an End; he has bought and redeemed his Church, and made his laſt Words an Anſwer to all their Prayers till the great Day.

When he had uttered this Cry he bowed down his Head, as if he would take one more Look of his dear Diſciples and the World, which he had now purchaſed; and as if he would ſay to all, Come now near and let me kiſs you, and then his dear Soul departed, and he hung dead in the Air, like an Enſign for the Nations, according to the Scriptures.

Theſe loud Cries, Prayers, Lamentations, and dying Words of our Lord, are now ſo prevailing in Heaven, and by means of which all we pray is heard, and finds Acceptance before the Throne of God. When ye pray, therefore, plead the Prayers of Jeſus, and let the unutterable Sighs of your tempted, heavy, Sin-ſick, or grieved Souls, go up in the Smoke of his bloody Sacrifice, ſo ſhall ye obtain what ye ſeek, and ſucceed in all your happy Attempts for Mercy. May ye all prove the Power of the ſtrong Cries and Tears of this dear Lord Jeſus in Eternity. *Amen!*

An HYMN.

1 SEE on the Croſs my Saviour hangs,
All red with guiltleſs Blood:
Sev'n flowing Streams of purple Hue,
Compoſe the healing Flood.

2 Loaden with Wrath and all Men's Sins,
Sev'n Times aloud he cry'd;
Then knowing all Things were fulfill'd,
He bow'd his Head and dy'd.

3 And didſt thou bleed ſev'n Times for me?
I'll weep each Day in ſev'n:
I'll imitate thy bitter Cries,
And ceaſeleſs cry to Heav'n.

4 Thy Groans and thy high-prieſtly Pray'rs
Before the Throne I'll plead:
O God, my Father, think on theſe,
They have Atonement made.

5 For ev'ry Week's unnumber'd Sins,
Which elſe would ſtrongly cry
For Vengeance; hear his ſev'n laſt Words,
Nor let the Sinner die.

6 Out of the Bottom of my Heart
I ev'ry Cry repeat;
O let my Cries, thro' his Deſert,
Reach to thy Mercy-Seat.

7 *Forgive me, Father! Lord, forgive!*
My miſ-ſpent Life I rue:
I did not know what once I did,
When I offended ſo.

8 Vouchſafe me hence to look on thee,
As my own Father, God;
And thou, *behold thy Son*, and take
Me home to thy Abode.

9 When my laſt Hours approach, and I
Am ready hence to flee,
Say, *Thou To-day in Paradiſe*
Shalt ſurely be with me.

10 *I thirſt* to feel thy Spir't in me
A Living-water-Spring:
I thirſt, my bleeding Lord, to ſee
And 'midſt his Virgins ſing.

11 *Forſake me not, my God*, thy Son
Me by his bleeding bought:
Forſake me not, for Jeſu's ſake,
My God, forſake me not.

12 *My Soul into thy careful Hands*
I fervently commend;
Keep me ſecure in Jeſu's Fold,
And be *a Sinner's Friend.*

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13 When my appointed Time ſhall come,
Let me depart in Peace;
Say with a Smile, *'Tis finiſh'd!* then
From all my Labours ceaſe.

FINIS.